

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Contributing Editor.

OFFICE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

VOL. IV.—NO. 3

Saturday, January 16, 1875

To Clergymen and School Teachers,
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

THE
SATURDAY GAZETTE,
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.
BELLAVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERNON.

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For the Saturday Gazette.
A Story for Young Folks.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

"THAT IS PUPPY LOVE!" I thoughtless-
ly exclaimed, as my two little girls respec-
tively aged eight and ten years, were
lauding little Benny Mandeville, who had
lately entered the school they were attend-
ing. They had been speaking of him as
such a 'love of a boy,' 'a little duck,' &c.,
and were so enthusiastic in their descrip-
tions of him, that I was truly tired of
hearing their prattle, and so informed them.
'He is nice, papa,' reiterated the young-
est, 'and I know you would like him.'

'Nonsense,' said I, while I continued
reading my evening paper, which contain-
ed an unusual amount of news, and conse-
quently occupied considerable time in its
perusal. I occasionally glanced towards
my children and saw that their eyes were
fixed upon me, as if anxious to enter into
conversation so soon as I should be at lei-
sure, and their occasional low whisperings
with each other and then with their mam-
ma, and her satisfied smile in return, assur-
ed me that something was about to happen.

As I laid my paper upon the table, my
little ones were quietly seated side by side
upon the lounge, and looking at me arch-
ly, the eldest asked if I had time to tell
them about my school-boy days, and also,
whether there wasn't some little girl that I
loved, and if it wasn't their mamma?

They importuned so hard, that I told
them I would, at some future time, tell
them a story of my school-boy days, if I
could find time.

Night after night I came home tired by
reason of my day's labor, and the little
ones were so often disappointed. They
begged me to name a night when I would
really give them the promised narration.
'We want mamma to h-a-i-t too,' they ex-
claimed.

So, upon the evening appointed, after
supper, they volunteered to help wash the
dishes, and never were little hands more
busily employed than theirs, until all
things were done up in admirable order.—
The spread was then placed upon the table
and mamma took her usual position with
stocking basket in her lap, while the little
ones moved their chairs up to the table,
anxiously awaiting the narration.

'When and where shall I begin,' I asked.
'At what age shall I commence?'

'Way back, papa, when you began to
love the little girl,' replied the youngest.
'You say that all little boys and girls have
been struck with what you call puppy-
love,' added the ten-year old. So I told
them the following:

'When I was a boy of ten years of age, I
attended the Academy at K——, in the
State of New York. The teacher was
rather stern, and particularly severe upon
those who were dull in arithmetic, spell-
ing and in giving the definition of words.
In spelling I was generally correct, but
deficient in arithmetic, and fully up to the
average in most studies. The class in spell-
ing were standing in a row before the
teacher. Each scholar was expected to
give the meaning of the word spelled.—
The word MEANTIME was given out, and
missed by two or three, until it came to my
turn, and I spelled it correctly. 'Now
give me the definition,' said the teacher. I
could not remember it as it was given in
the spelling-book, and hesitated. 'I will
give you five minutes to give the defini-
tion, and then, if you fail to do it, you
shall be punished.'

Standing by my side, was a lubberly boy
named Amos Smith. He was some two or
three years older than I, and his recita-
tions were generally concluded by a sound
thrashing from the teacher, either for inef-
ficiency or for some misdemeanor during
the exercises. Amos always expected his
punishment, and looked as though he was
saddly disappointed, if he escaped—moving
sideways from his class, with his eyes upon
the master's frown. As the teacher's at-
tention was diverted by an erring urchin
in another quarter of the room, Amos said
to me, 'don't you know the meaning of
that word? Why, 'meantime' means 'solu-
tion,' don't run the risk of a thrashing,
but tell him.'

The teacher returning to the class asked:
'Are you now ready to give me the defini-
tion—if not in the exact words of the
spelling-book, give it in your own language
so that I may know whether you have the
idea.'

'Tell him,' said Amos, in a whisper.
'Meantime' I answered, means—means
school time.'

'You dunce!' said the teacher, I will
not punish you with the fettle, but for the
rest of this day, and to-morrow you shall
sit with the girls.'

At the close of the recitation, I was
given a seat upon the girl's bench, and told
to remain there during that day, and to
take the same place on the morrow, unless
otherwise directed. There were two or
three girls in that school, beside whom to
have been placed would have been a great
punishment as could have been inflicted
upon me, but the teacher was not aware of
that fact.

I was placed by side of Katy McDonald.
Now Katy was just the one beside whom,
at all, I would have selected to be
placed. She was of my own age. She
wore a red frock, her cheeks were as red as
roses, and her lips were as red as cherries,
while her black, curling tresses hung down
over her shoulders, making her in my eyes,
as lovely as well could be. Katy was a
new comer in the village, and consequent-
ly a new scholar at the Academy. As I
was placed by her side by the teacher, who
led me thither by the ear, and called the

tention of the whole school to my inten-
ded degradation, I need not say that I felt
a little foolish at first, and as Katy glanced
towards me, I thought it was in derision.
At last Katy nudged me with her elbow,
as if to arrest my attention, and whispered:
'You feel foolish, don't you?' 'No, I
don't,' I replied. 'Yes you do,' she re-
joined, and then she gave me such a be-
witching look, as she continued, 'I would
not care a fig about it, it's just as good a
seat as there is in the whole Academy.'

Katy need not have given me this as-
surance. It was just no punishment at all,
that the teacher in his wisdom was inflict-
ing, for Katy was by my side, and the lit-
tle bits of paper that passed between us
were of a nature to render me desirous of
having the punishment repeated. I provided
that I was assigned to the same quarters.

In addition to the punishment of being
obliged to sit with the girls, I was, during
the intermission, or play time, sent out to
play with them. As we left the room,
Katy lingered near the door until I came
out and asked me if I did 'not intend to
join in the plays, and not desiring a second
invitation, I drew from my pocket a ball,
and pitching it towards her, we were soon
engaged in a merry game, spoiled too soon
by the jingle of the bell calling us to school
duties.

At the close of the school for the day, I
was dismissed with the girls, but lingered
behind, so that I might go home with the
boys, though, to tell the truth, I would
much rather have walked with Katy. She
also lingered and coming to me, asked why
I loitered by the way, and then, as we
walked along, chatted in such a winning,
bewitching way, that I began to think that
the punishment of that day, was the most
delightful, I, at least, had ever experi-
enced, and before we parted I had made her
a present of my ball, and had emptied my
pockets of the assortment which a ten
year old boy's pockets usually contains, in-
cluding a knife presented to me on Christ-
mas day, by an uncle.

'Oh, I'll not take that,' exclaimed Katy,
'for a knife, you know, cuts—you know
what?'

'Now,' says she, 'I want you to go
home with me, and then I'll have an errand
to require Van A——, and I am so afraid
of his turkeys, that I want you to go with
me for protection—and then I will show
you their white cat, and its deaf!—yes,
deaf as can be.'

'Afraid of turkeys?' I responded, 'I'm
not afraid of all the turkeys in the world—
turkeys can't hurt anybody. I'll show you
that I'm not afraid of turkeys.' So I ac-
companied her home and from thence to
'Square Van A——'. Katy had a bright
red cloak, as well as a red dress, and as
we passed along by the fence, in front of
the 'Equine' house; the turkeys, of which
he had a very large number, began to come
towards us.

'Give me your cloak, Katy,' said I, and
I'll jump over the fence, and then you'll
see 'em scatter.'

So I donned the cloak, and jumped over
the fence, Katy quickly following me.—
But the turkeys didn't scatter—but great
tom-turkeys began to appear, with their
tails spread like a fan, and jumping against
us, knocked us down, and I know what
would have happened to us, had not the
'Equine' daughters appeared quickly, to
drive them away, explaining to us that
anything red, was, to a tom-turkey in par-
ticular, a sufficient cause for attack—that
they had seen them fight a red flannel shirt
hanging upon a clothes-line, by the hour,
and that Katy's red frock and cloak were
the cause of the present disturbance.

Our fright being over, and my little com-
panion having delivered her message, the
next thing in order was to see the wonder-
ful cat. She was clear white; not a spot
upon her. We could not exactly believe
that she was deaf, but were permitted to
try various experiments, such as clapping
our hands behind her—standing behind
her and trying to scare her by loud cries,
stamping upon the piazza, &c. &c. We were
soon convinced of the fact that she was
really and truly deaf, and were also in-
formed of what you, my little girls, no one in
a hundred of grown people know, that nine-
ty-nine out of every one hundred white
cats are totally deaf!

Some six years passed. My parents
had sent me to a village some ten miles
distant to learn a trade. I had permission
to visit my home once every three months,
and you may be sure that I always saw my
friend Katy upon these visits, and we were
as happy as ever in each other's society.—
My apprenticeship being completed, and
being twenty-one years of age, I went to a
distant city, where I prosecuted my busi-
ness with a tolerable degree of success.

After a year or more the answers to my let-
ters were long delayed, and when received
were exceedingly formal—the last one
in particular was almost completely taken
up with a dissertation upon the advanta-
ges of 'position in society,' and was so
entirely different from any that had preceded
it, that I was not long in coming to the
conclusion that Katy and I were not to
travel the rugged path of life together. I
perused her letter and I pined for her,
it was so unlike her former self. The writ-
ing, I reasoned with myself, is in her own
sweet hand, but the subject matter is dictated
by another. Soon a letter came, an-
nouncing that her hand was sought by one
who could place her in that position that
it was evident she was intended to occupy,
and it was but right that she should fol-
low the leadings of Providence. This was
from her mother, and almost a reiteration
of Katy's last letter, convincing me that

she had been influenced by her ambitious
parent.

'Then Katy wasn't mamma's?' exclaimed
my little ones. 'Now do tell us what be-
came of Katy, and whether it didn't break
your heart. I think she was real mean.'

'No, it did not break my heart, nor did
it cause me any uneasiness, for I felt that
she was not to blame, being, as I believed,
wholly controlled by others. I pitied her,
for I was fearful her expectations, or rather
those of her too ambitious mother, would
never be realized, and I felt that she was
to be victimized, and thus ended my ac-
quaintance with Katy.'

Year after year rolled round, and I had
wooded and won another Katy, and had al-
most forgotten the first one. When I made
a visit to my native village, and from
thence I had occasion to go a short distance
on horseback. Before leaving the village,
I called at the post office and got a pack-
age of letters, putting them in my pocket.
Calculating to read them when I reached
my destination. After riding a couple of
miles, I changed my mind, and concluded
to read them, and let my horse walk lei-
suredly along, the bridle resting upon the
pommel of the saddle. All of a sudden,
the horse stopped, and I kept on reading.
My letter finished, I looked up and found
that we were immediately in front of a hor-
se, and three ragged children, uttered loud
screams and ran from my sight. By the
side of the door, was a woman engaged at
washing clothes. Sorry that I had been
the cause of frightening her children, I
was about to apologize, when her eyes met
mine, and gazing but a moment, she uttered
a shriek, and ran from my sight, quickly
closing the door behind her.

Who can this be, and why all this com-
motion? I thought I. What have I done?
Am I such a frightful looking creature?
All these thoughts, and more, passed in
quick succession, through my mind, as I
rode on.

On my return, I narrated the circum-
stances to my parents. 'Do you not know
who that was?' asked my mother. 'That
was your once loved Katy.'

'Now, papa, just tell us how she came to
be so distressed, and then we'll go to bed,
and be ready for another story to-morrow
night.'

'Well, it was the old story of ram's
doings. She was married to an infidel,
reputed to be as heir to thousands of dol-
lars—he got nothing—had no trade or any
means of support—was indolent—neglect-
ed his family for the grog shop, and went
from bad to worse, until he died, to use
the words of the Bible, 'as the fool dieth,'
and left poor Katy to a life of drudgery
and privation. After a few years, weary
and worn, poor Katy died, leaving her
children to be cared for by others. Sympa-
thizing hearts, however, cared for them,
and tenderly reared them, and they have
by their joint efforts, erected a beautiful
tablet in the Cemetery of K——, to their
mother's memory.'

This, my children must suffice for this
evening, with regard to my boyhood days.
Some other evening I will tell you anoth-
er story, if God spares our lives, but this
is sufficient to show you what I meant the
other night by 'puppy love.'

'But papa exclaimed the youngest, 'don't
older people sometimes act as Katy did?'

'That is true' I replied but it is now
bed-time and you know the old saying—
'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'

And some future evening I will give
you another talk if you desire it.
Milburn, Jan. 18, 1875.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told me just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper.
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delapine's pew is empty.
I declare it is really too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did.
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills male com-
plicity.

Now what am I going to do?
The sexton, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service.
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd be here last night.
How mad she'll be after her fusing!

I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you're not here at last, my dear, have
you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virco did make it.
His horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they were them
last summer!

Don't doubt, though, that she thinks
they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful—a miniatur's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!
A pretty example of lute!
The alta's dress'd sweetly—I wonder